WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Odd Incidents of Foreign Travel and Observation---VII.

"Off the Skelligs" and On—An Interesting Visit to the Old Monks' Haunts of Great Skellig Rock—Early Mass in Valetta—Curious Incidents of Suggestiveness—Scottish Folk Not the Brave Drinkers They Were.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD UNION. Copyright, 1893.]

LONDON, January 30, 1893.

I wonder how many Americans ever visited the famous Skelligs of the southwest coast of Ireland? They are the most southwesterly extensions of Ireland, are three in number, and lie in a direct line southwest of Port Magee. The first, and the least, is called the Lemon Rock. It is a round, solid mass rising only a few feet above the water. The second, and next larger, is called Little or Lesser Skellig, and is a craggy grouping of rocky pinnacles standing grim and black against the sky as though some city of churches, with wondrous steeples, had been submerged, rearing above the waves their mighty Gothic spires, among which million of sea-birds had found their desolate homes.

The third, the Great Skellig, is precisely nine miles at sea from Port Magee. It is an enormous and precipitous mass of rock rising perpendicularly at nearly all angles to the hight of several hundred feet, and from thence pushing skyward stupendous, irregular groups, terminating in two lofty pinnacles, the highest of which reaches an altitude of 710 feet. It is said that the ocean soundings around it are far deeper than those in any part of the English channel, and at no other point upon the whole Atlantic are witnessed such awful battles between wave and stone. The base of the only lighthouse now in use upon Great Skellig stands upon a leveled rock one hundred and forty feet above the sea, and the roof of this lofty structure was a few years ago crushed in and partly carried away by the assaults of the waves, which must have been lifted upward of one hundred and eighty feet above the sea level to have been dashed upon it.

A determination to land upon and scale Great Skellig Rock is more easily formed than is the project performed, for certain destruction attends attempted landing, save when old ocean may be caught napping and for a few hours quite at rest. Every day, for nearly a week, with a Kerry fisherman friend, I arose before day and tramped to the cliffs below Port Magee for forecast of wind, weather and sea. At last a propitious day came. With my friend and three of his hardy companions we set forth in a strong open boat with the outgoing tide from the tiny pier of the port, and, without stroke of oar, were soon sweeping through the southern entrance of the harbor of Valentia.

The sea was perfectly calm as we left the channel, save where imperceptible distant swells, massing upon the half-hidden ledge that protects the harbor entrance, flung glittering spume and spray landward behind us. Over to the west Bray Head rose precipitously 1,000 feet out of the water. Beyond this innumerable fishers' sails blended like a huge oncoming surge at the edge of the horizon. To the left grim headlands stretched away in dark projections to far Bolus Head, and the long, regular stroke of the oarsmen soon sped us past Puffin Island. In an hour and a half we were alongside Lemon Island, lying like some sleeping, half-hidden monster to our right, and in two hours' time we had come abreast of Little Skellig.

Here we were favored with a characteristic sight. This island is the only one off the Irish coast where the puffin haunts and breeds in countless numbers. Taking advantage of the placid sea perhaps three-score coastwise folk were here seeking these fowls within the fissures and clefts of the crags. Many aerial battles between men, slung with ropes from dangerous hights, and the birds they were mercilessly seeking, were seen in progress as we passed. The eggs and flesh of the puffin are eaten, their feathers are dried and sold, and a trifling traffic is carried on in pickled, or cured puffins, which are exchanged for potatoes and meal with the country folk of the Iveragh wilds.

At last the Great Skellig was reached, and we made a landing without difficulty at the only spot upon which foot can be set from the sea. I begged the boatmen to climb the crags with me, but they shook their heads gravely and refused. The reason for this, as related by my fisher friend, who consented to accompany me, was on account of certain portentious superstitions the peasantry and fishermen tenaciously hold regarding the spot. The only human beings now living upon Great Skellig are those having charge of the lighthouse.

But more than a thousand years ago hundreds, if not thousands, passed their lives in religious devotions upon this wild sea mountain, for this place was then the St. Michael's Mount of Ireland. Its history was luminous even in the earliest days of Christianity in Erin. A majestic monastery once stood in the little valley between the two lofty peaks of the island. From the single landing place, 620 stone steps, many portions of which remain, led to the monastery, the great cashel, the oratories, the stone cells, the ancient burial place, and many unrecorded structures which the incalculable toil and zealous consecration of a remote age grouped within this sacred spot. Easily traced remains of nearly all these structures still exist, and fragments of gigantic crosses here and there push through the strange debris, whose contemplation cannot but send a thrill through the least impressive heart.

Far, far above this tens of thousands of pilgrims in the intervening centuries have climbed. Near the top of the highest pinnacle one must squeeze through a narrow orifice, called the Needle's Eye, in order to follow their olden, painful way. Just beyond this is a narrow ridge or saddle of solid rock. One must get astride this and work along with legs and hands until an ascending shelving rock is reached. The danger here is terrible. One false movement and you are plunged headlong into the sea from either side. From this to the highest point any fairly sure-footed man may pass securely to the slender yard-wide summit, along which are found rudely sculptured crosses or stations.

I have been in some eerie spots in my travel, but never before have I stood where such sense of sublimity, mingled with awe-inspiring insecurity, possessed me. On three sides you look down a black, straight line of over 700 feet into the ocean. Behind and below you see the solemn ruins of remote ages. Far to the north and east is the weird, sea-walled coast. Your own land is 2,000 miles beyond those white specks of fisher-boats to the west. Around and above you are only the palpable clouds and ghostly whistle of darting seabirds' wing. The solemn grandeur and awful impressiveness of the place are appalling.

The descent was more dangerous than the climbing, but we accomplished it safely, re-entered the boat and made for Fort Magee. I never wish to see Great Skellig again, unless from the deck of an Atlantic steamer, when a sight of it, as the first glimpse of Europe, is occasionally had, and as we rounded the reef into the safer channel, while night was softly descending, and the lights from a thousand mackerel-fishers' boats gleamed along the western horizon, I turned with a sigh of relief from this tremendous and desolate terror of the deep, to welcoming land, as from some hideous phantom of unhappy dreams.

Valetta, the chief city of Malta, is never silent save in the early morning hours. Then it is like a city of the dead, but always sweet and cool and winsome. At that time, if you are abroad alone, the silent churches, the huge auberges, the tremendous ramparts, the vast archways, the dim porticoes and the shadowy balconies seem to whisper anew their tales of romance old, their mysteries of chivalrous and knightly days.

But soon from this patio, from that narrow thoroughfare, another silent archway, from huge barren doors that open and close with a startling click, come funeral forms clad in somber black. They glide along with bowed heads. Their advent has been so sudden and their number is at once so great that you are filled with surprise and dismay. But these do not remain.

For a soft and delicate hand, as if by accident, with a swift motion changes the folds of the faldetta, and the pretty faces of half a thousand Maltese maids and matrons are one by one turned roguishly or kindly to yours. Then you realize that the faithful fair of Valetta are on their way to early mass, and you stand there, hat in hand, yourself a reverent worshiper, mentally blessing one and all for their piety and pretty gracious ways.

In the vast geography and panorama of travel certain places and objects take on special typification and significance. At least this is true in my own experince as a wanderer. I never see in any port a little, squatty, high-pooped brig with its two tiny square-rigged masts, but my mind instantly reverts to Barcelona and the sunny harbors of the Riviera. A basket of eggs in a grocer's window no longer recalls the boyhood farm days, but a certain barren ledge upon the western seawall of Fitful Head, where, beneath the deafening screams of seafowl, I saw not thousands but millions of seafowl eggs. The faintest odor of sugar or syrup brings back the screeching of ships' wenches as oceans of murky sweets are being stowed in holds in the harbor of Havana. An emigrant Russian Jew in his quaint, patriarchal habit, flashes back upon my mind the dumb suffering of these folk in Cracow. Any muffled Italian shivering over his charcoal stove and tray of chestnuts wafts to my imagination the odor of the steaming polenta, or brings again to sight the fair chestnut groves of Lombardy and Tuscany, and so on through an infinite reach of suggestive seeming and association.

But the most dreamful, mystic, almost pathetic suggestiveness always comes with picture or sight of the palm tree. Cuba, Spain, Majorica, Malta, Morocco, Algeria, always return with this emblem of dolorous isolation and inexpressible loneliness. It hints of the camel, the Bedouin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggested the endless hopelessness and impassibility of the barriers between the races that subsist upon and rest beneath it, and those who know and love the maple, beech and oak.

I wish to record a conclusion from extended observation in favor of the lowly women of Scotland. We have all read much in books, and in the prints where names are not often enough signed to sweeping generalizations regarding foreign peoples, to the effect that lowly women of Scotch towns and cities are all wofully addicted to drink. I do not believe it.

They drink, but neither do all, nor even any important percentage, indulge in liquor at all. Those who do, often get "cheery," and no doubt they would be better off without it. But I have never seen a Scotch woman, high or low, in or out of Scotland, even in the most wretched wynds and closes of Edinburgh or Glasgow, approaching that emphatic condition termed "fighting drunk."

So, too, I am inclined to believe that the drinking prowess of Scotchmen has been greatly exaggerated. Scotch literature, especially that portion giving expression to Scotch life and customs of a century ago, is certainly full of the humor and pathos of drunkenness. Perhaps Scotchmen were drinkers of valor then, but there is not a more moderate and well ordered people to-day. The old drinking-bouts of the clan chiefs, and, later, of the small nobility and country notables, are no mere. From the great St. Andrew feasts down through the countless grades of social festival and cheer to the simple heart-lightenings of the fisher-folk, besides the wild sealochs, who were once almost savage in their thirst for strong drink, guzzling and drunkenness are almost unknown. "Tay"—and oceans of this—"the cup that cheers but not inebriates," has almost universally displaced the firy usquebaugh of old.

If a fondness for liquor lingers in Scotland as a class peculiarity, it still holds among those "children of the mist," those impetuous, canny, though ever winsome Highlanders of the North. In my wanderings among them I have found one curious characteristic. They are born religious disputants. Warm up the cockles of their hearts with a drop of peat whisky and they are masters of polemics. It is then that they will stoutly assert that Adam spoke Gaelic and that the Bible was originally written in Gaelic. As a Highland clergyman of Strathglass once told me:

"One glass makes them doctrinal enthusiasts; two sets them expounding every point upon 'Justification,' 'Adoption' and 'Sanctification' in an ecstacy of argumentative frenzy, and, I sometimes think, with another, they would stop on their way into heaven and hotly engage St. Peter himself!"

Many anecdotes are still related in the north of Scotland concerning the drinking habits of the Highlanders. One old shepherd of Glen Affric fell ill and was cut down by his physician to an allowance of two ounces of whisky per day on pain of death if this should be exceeded. Wholly ignorant of the exact quantity, yet ruminatively whimpering over his misfortune, he stealthily called his grandson to his bedside and asked:

"Bobby, d'ye ken yer tables noo?"

"Ay, gran'fay'r, n' try me then?"

"Hoo mickle be twa ounces noo?"

"Twa ounces? twa ounces? Hoot! Saxteen drachms mak th' oonce; sax—"

"Twa times saxteen drams th' day," shouted the sick man uproariously. "The Lord be praised for sic a ceevil dochter!"

Another Highlander had been brought to his deathbed from exposure and hard drinking. His tearful family and the minister stood by his bedside praying for some token of repentance in his last moments. The minister noticing a strange light in his eyes bent over him and eagerly inquired:

"Sandy, Sandy, what is the greatest wish of your soul?"

"For a michty Loch Lommond of whusky!"

The minister was staggered, but almost pitifully continued his entreaty with—

"But what is the second? Oh, mon, mon, remember eternity!"

"Oh, ay, guid meenister," gasped Sandy faintly, "for—anither—Loch—Lommond—o'—whusky!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

WHEN you feel a general lassitude and breaking down of the system, Angostura Bitters will work a wonderful change. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, manufacturers. At all druggists'.

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO,

I sell Mrs. Nettie Harrison's world-famed Toilet Articles. None so good. Every lady can positively have health and beauty by using them.

Lola Montez Creme,

The SKIN FOOD and TISSUE builder, preserves and improves the complexion, prevents wrinkles, withering, aging, drying of the skin. Her FACE BLEACH removes freckles, moth patches, tan, sallowness, yellow skin. Her HAIR VIGOR absolutely prevents hair from falling out, makes it fine and glossy; cures all scalp humors.

Yours in Regard to Beauty, Nettie Harrison

MRS. HARRISON'S LIVER REGULATOR Cures torpid liver, headache, nervous diseases, costiveness, all female troubles. Every article satisfies the most refined. FRED KOLLIKER, Druggist, Sixth and J sts., Sacramento. WS

OUT SIGHT-SEEING.

Our "Backwoods Belle" at the National Capital.

Quaint Description of Things Seen by a California Girl—She Dotes on Baltimore Oysters and Wonders Who the Great People Are She Sees in Washington.

[Special Correspondence RECORD-UNION.]

Since last I laid down this quill and hermetically sealed the struggling flies in the few remaining drops of ink it was my pleasure and privilege to make a pilgrimage to the Mecca of the politicians and the sweet debutante—Washington.

One fine day a party consisting of somewhat less than half a dozen took one of the three railroad lines that touch York—that is got aboard. We couldn't get aboard the fourth, for it is not finished and did not go our direction anyway, and that is why we took the one we did. We jogged along through the province of Maryland over one of the serpentinest tracks you could well imagine. The little stations are so close together that while the engine of a long train is at No. 2 the brakeman on the rear platform of the rear coach is flirting with the hired ladies in the back doors of No. 1.

The Pennsylvania railroad system is something quite perfect. They have a neat little way of taking in water with a train at full speed. A narrow flume about six inches deep is set in the middle of the track and is full of water. The thirsty engine sails along and by some hocus pocus scoops the water into the tank without stopping to take breath. The freight trains are as long as the moral law. There is a pretty little legend floating around that sounds to this effect: "The freight trains are so long that brakemen cannot walk the length of them in a half-day, and in order to attend to brakes a small elevated railway is placed alongside, on which they travel back and forth, thus saving time and shoe leather."

But anyhow, this road is not "as the crow flies," unless his crowship had considerable of a jag on. From the pictures in a geography I studied 'way back in the fall of '49 and the spring of '50, I gleaned the idea that Maryland held little else but peaches, oysters and darkies. This was erroneous only in part, for there are many other things there beside these commodities. Peaches were not in season, but darkies and oysters were. Baltimore oysters, when you meet them on their native soil, are sufficient to make a man forgive his enemy. And when a body stops to ponder on what they might have been "befo' de wah"—but I didn't stop to ponder; I took the goods the cooks provided, and sighed audibly for more.

Baltimore is a beautiful city. The Town Council is not feeing me for a write up, and I do not intend to puff them free gratis and for nothing. It is quite a large village—larger than Sacramento, yet not as large as Woodland thinks she is. They seem well up with the times—have gas, and electric lights even, and none of the richer citizens burn tallow candles. You are there before you get there—that is to say, the railroads have tunneled under it like gophers for many miles, and you speed along in smoky darkness in the suburbs before you reach the city proper, and stop in light and on vice versa, as the fellow said when he stepped out of a boat.

The face of the earth fairly, or rather darkly, swarms with negroes. They are most as thick as tramp printers in California when a newspaper in Oregon suspends publication. There are all shades, classes and kinds. By the way, a sign I saw appended to a house reads, "Going out to white wash done here."

The distance between Baltimore and Washington you accomplish in forty minutes. When you alight you find yourself right in the huge factory where the laws are made. Truly, it is a magnificent city, with broad, smooth streets, shady walks, elegant homes, and a quiet but noticeable atmosphere of importance. Superb equipages go bowling down the wide avenues, and from the intensely haughty air of the black automaton under a cockaded silk tile, who holds the reins, we may fancy the inmates are titled, or mayhap the sisters, cousins or aunts attached to some well-paying Government office. But it is only fancy we have to guide us, for they may be only rich and not blue-blooded. That is the trouble with the nobility and the much bowed-down-to office holders and wives of our realm, they look like everybody else, and you don't know them when you meet them on the road. If they were really better than the bourgeois, don't you think they would have some distinguishing mark on them? Say for instance an ear-mark. And so, as there was no such distinguishing sign, no doubt many passed us by whom, had we known who they were, would have received homage from us in quantities to suit. Americans are the worst toadies in the world. But I am getting into deep water.

If you visit the National Capital and go everywhere and see everything in true inquisitive Yankee style, as our party did, you will come home with an apronfull of souvenirs and a head full of a jumble of sights, sounds, tastes, memories and other things that would require a Philadelphia lawyer to unravel for you. There is a guide I could recommend, but, as he is not a professional, perhaps he would decline the honor of being recommended. He carried a guidebook, a compass, an umbrella, the cheek of a Government mule, and in the one-score and seven pockets destined to man he carried every article a Polar relief expedition might require. I don't know whether the book was a Badaeker, but it had red backs and was certainly a double-decker for information. He did not get lost. He may have been in doubt at times as to location, but he stopped short as the mythical clock and with a deliberation of movement only excelled by a State Printing office move, consulted that invincible compass like the itinerant Mohammedan when he spreads his prayer carpet, and the doubt sped.

In the Treasury Department we were permitted to walk around the huge cage in a vault that contained all the national scads. There were many millions, so many I cannot carry them in my head, but it is more than I ever had in my life. We were not shown the national debt—we were not even apprised of where it was kept. I kept an eye out, but without discovering it. Perhaps the attendant, noticing our travel stained and foot-sore appearance, and knowing we could not walk around it in less than a week, knew it was useless to propose a trip around it.

One of the most heart-rending sights met with is the destruction of good paper money. Seems a pity, don't it, for that keen, bright-bladed knife to travel through great stacks of "redeemed" money? Many million dollars' worth are destroyed each day—mashed to a pulp in a big iron tank concern by three officials and a great amount of red tape. There are great festoons and arbors and canopies of red tape, as luxuriant and thriving as the inevitable smilax bower at the conventional wedding, but the tape does not form a very formidable network, after all, and about every once in occasionally some fellow makes a big steal as easy as falling off a log. Some of this pulp—not of the steal, but, well, you know what I mean—is pressed into attractive souvenirs in the shape of a pretty slipper, some five inches in length, decorated with a tiny red bow (more tape) and neatly labeled: "Made of United States national greenbacks, redeemed and macerated at the United States Treasury. Estimated, $3,000."

I took a good, square look at the White House and concluded I could live there quite contentedly. It is so substantially plain, so solid and with no frivolous gewgaws. It is well preserved, and is very impressive in appearance. The dead brown leaves swirled in the courts at every gust with a dreary rustle, and the silence and bareness seemed to breathe of the grief the surroundings had so lately witnessed.

A solitary peacock, with drooping plumage, wandered quietly over the brown ground, and, together with an old darky at the door, were the sole signs of life in attendance.

When the County Superintendent visited our school he would give us a little talk, and after telling the boys "Be good and you will be happy," would encourage them with the assurance of there being one chance in 999,000 that one or all of them would be President of the United States some day. That may not be the percentage attached to the chances the boys ran of being great, but it was something very like that. With one eye on the clock and the other on the door, I wondered where the girls' chance for glory got off.

In short, the National Capital is just as it should be. I have no suggestions to offer; nary a suggestion, and I hear a sigh of relief from the city fathers.

For the edification of future sightseers I feel it my duty to mention that the man in charge of the elevator at the Washington monument does not own it, although his bearing may strongly impress you that he has the controlling interest in the pile of granite. He is only there to tend the elevator. That is all. It will take a pen more eloquent than this one of mine to describe within forty rows of apples tree the magnificence of that slender shaft that pierces the clouds and stands forth so markedly as to be visible from any point in the city.

Among other shrines I bowed before upon this pilgrimage were the navy-yard, Smithsonian Institution, National Museum, Corcoran Art Gallery and the Capitol. Breaking in upon this train of thought—this solid vestibuled limited train, flutters the ghost of a terrible calamity, a clammy calamity that will not be downed—somebody has poured wood ashes on our best toboggan slide!

York, Pa., January 30, 1893. A. R. L.

WHERE THE SKUNK IS USEFUL.

Hop-Growers Satisfied With Its Skill as a Grub Destroyer.

"We protect skunks in my section of New York State," said a hop-grower of Otsego County to a New York *Tribune* man, "with as much care as we do song birds. Nobody in the hop-raising region of Central New York traps or shoots the skunk nowadays, for the reason that the little black and white animal is the best friend the hop-grower has. It used to be supposed that the skunk, in his nocturnal prowlings through the hopyards in the early summer, did a great deal of injury to the tender vines of the growing hops, but the discovery was made a few years ago that the contrary was the fact, and since then every owner of a hopyard, instead of laying plans to destroy the skunk, as he had done before, has become his friend and protector.

It used to be the custom in my neighborhood for every hop-grower to educate his dogs to kill skunks, but of late years energetic farm dogs that showed an inclination to slay the harmless little animals have been taught to leave them alone. When skunk pelts went up in price a few years ago many young countrymen who had no hop yards began to set deadfall traps for skunks on other people's lands. The farmers upset the deadfalls before any skunks had been crushed to death under them, going through their fields three or four times a day in search of the quickly constructed flat stone traps. Then the trappers went to setting steel traps for skunks in secluded places. These the hop-farmers confiscated every time, and before long the trappers abandoned the work in disgust.

"The reason why the hop-raisers in Otsego County and the adjoining counties saw fit to foster the skunk was because a small family of skunks, if no one molests them, will, in the course of a few days, hunt up and destroy all the grubs in every hill of hops in a good-sized yard. The grubs gnaw the vines off at the roots, and if they are not dug out they will ruin a yard before the middle of summer. Soon after the snow goes off in the spring pairs of old skunks take up their abode near the borders of hopyards, generally in a stone fence or under a log, and if men and dogs don't disturb them they will stay there all summer, raise their young and destroy all the grubs in the yard."

Pay of Teachers and of Cooks.

A year or two ago there was printed a list of questions concerning domestic service in the United States. They were prepared by Miss Lucy Salmon, the Professor of History at Vassar College. Among other interesting facts gleaned from the answers to these questions, which have lately been made public, are these: By a comparison made between the wages received by teachers in the public schools of Cambridge and cooks in the neighboring city of Boston, it is found that 56 per cent. of the teachers in the former city earn $620 a year. If the very small sum of $285 were deducted for board for one year, this would leave a balance of $335 for clothing, travel, books, lectures, charity, pew rent and the inevitable rainy day. The average wages of the Boston cook are, according to 574 returns, $4 42 weekly, or $231 40. As the cook has no outlay for food, fuel, light, or laundry expense, it is estimated that this added money value would amount to $275, and bring her wages up to $506 46 The difference in the money left the teacher after paying necessary expenses and that received by the cook, who has no such outgo, would therefore be only $103. The teacher must dress better, as becomes her position; she must attend lectures, to keep in touch with improved methods; she is urged to subscribe from her pittance to journals of education, and has street-car fare to pay daily in stormy weather. By comparing two of the tables in the report it is seen that the Boston cook is probably in possession of more money at the end of the year than the average teacher in Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans, Paterson, Rochester and Syracuse.—New York Evening Post.

Helping Him Along.

Miss Pinkerly—Have you made any New Year's resolutions, Mr. Tutter?

Tutter—Yes, Miss Pinkerly, I have solemnly resolved not to be bashful.

Miss Pinkerly—How nice! By the way, have you seen the armchair papa gave me for Christmas? It's big enough for two.—Truth.

Catarrh in the Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Try it.

FOR relieving Throat Troubles and Coughs, Brown's Bronchial Troches have a world-wide reputation. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

LIFE SECRETS.

Don't worry.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify!" "Simplify!" "Simplify!"

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

"Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal."

Watch the first signs of a coming cold. Nine-tenths of all diseases start with a cold.

If, at any time, you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you have cold hands or feet, if your head seems heavy or aches, take at once the best and purest stimulant you can secure. There are many that are claimed to be good stimulants, but there is only one that is strictly reliable, and possesses the best qualities, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky.

This whisky has made more friends by reason of what it has done for people, than any other preparation of the present day. Do not let your druggist or grocer argue with you upon this subject, but insist upon having the purest and best, which will aid you to solve "Life's Secrets."

FATHER OF WATERS.

A Straight Channel from Cairo to the Gulf the Only Solution.

It is idle to presume, writes "A Southern Engineer" in the current number of *The Engineering Magazine*, that a great silt-bearing river flowing sluggishly through a tortuous channel of its own making will ever be able to carry more than a very small moiety of its load to the sea in a single continuous portage. It will drop a portion on the bottom wherever its flow is retarded, and wherever it is flooded it must perforce carry another portion over its banks for deposit on the adjacent plains. If earth in sufficient quantities is carted to its shores to prevent its overflow, it will simply seize all that it can undermine and wash out of this earth on the occasion of its next flood and make it contribute to the elevation of its bed. This is the law established upon every observed principle of geological science, and we can no more prevent its enforcement than we can make the Mississippi flow up hill.

But what then? If the complete degradation of the continent is to be the final end, and if the land is to be eventually placed awash with the sea, will we not hasten the coming of the second deluge by shortening the channels of great silt-bearing rivers and facilitating their work? Possibly. But as Humboldt estimates the time required to prepare all the conditions for the catastrophe at four and a half million years even at the present ratio of waste, it becomes a question if the continents will not live as long as they are entitled to live in any case. Immortality enters into no theory of superficial terrestrial phenomena that has not yet been advanced. And then, again, we should have some confidence in the wisdom of natural law. True, the theory that continents are to be preserved by seismic upheavals is not quite pleasant to contemplate, and it seems moreover to defeat itself by its own postulates.

The day must come when there will be no more cooling at the interior of the earth to produce contractions of the crust, and then there can be no more upheavals. But the earthquake is not the only alternative. Nature must have contrived something better. Equilibrium and peace between the land and the sea must be finally established. When there are no more precipitous highlands, there will be no more torrents and floods, and the rain that falls will sink quietly into the ground, only to gush forth again in perfectly pellucid springs and to flow back to the ocean through the channels of equally pellucid rivers. It will carry no booty from the hilltops, because there will be no hilltops to despoil. Man, too, may have his resources. In a good deal less than four and a half million years he should learn to distill bricks from the elements, or, if necessary, in order to keep his head above water, to build mountains of chemically produced granite. But, whatever the situation four and a half millions years hence, it will not be worth while to make the Mississippi basin uninhabitable during the next few centuries for the mere purpose of promoting a wretchedly unscientific system of engineering.

There is but one treatment for the Mississippi which will be at once scientific and sensible, and this will be found in giving it a channel as nearly straight as possible from Cairo to the gulf. The river itself will do most of the work as soon as the needed cut-offs have been made; and once trained to follow a direct channel, running with nearly twice its present velocity of current, it will call for little subsequent expenditure. It is a wonder that the demands of navigation alone have not already compelled this kind of improvement.

Best Cure For

All disorders of the Throat and Lungs is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has no equal as a cough-cure.

Bronchitis

"When I was a boy, I had a bronchial trouble of such a persistent and stubborn character, that the doctor pronounced it incurable with ordinary remedies, but recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and one bottle cured me. For the last fifteen years, I have used this preparation with good effect whenever I take a bad cold, and I know of numbers of people who keep it in the house all the time, not considering it safe to be without it."—J. C. Woodson, P. M., Forest Hill, W. Va.

Cough

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured."—Franz Hoffman, Clay Centre, Kans.

La Grippe

"Last spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

This Tag attached to every Bag.

A second generation of smokers to-day agree with their fathers in declaring

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

by long odds the best in the world. Sold and smoked everywhere.

The Original and Genuine (WORCESTERSHIRE) LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH RAREBITS, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

Beware of Imitations; see that you get Lea & Perrins'

Lea & Perrins

Signature on every bottle of Original & Genuine. JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S PILLS

ALWAYS RELIABLE — PURELY VEGETABLE

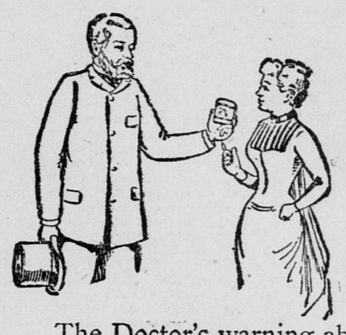
THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY.

Cures all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Piles, Etc., and renders the system less liable to contract disease.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



Insurance In a Tin Can!

The Doctor's warning about city milk needn't scare any prudent housewife. There's a safe way out. Our method of preparing the famous

Highland Brand Evaporated Cream —unsweetened.

is ample insurance against disease germs:—

First—*We use only selected Milch Cows.*
Second—*We feed them Pure, Nourishing Food.*
Third—*We give them good air and Clean Housing.*
Fourth—*We prepare their sound milk scientifically—nothing but condensed nutriment comes to you—no water.*

Purity—Health-Insurance—Convenience—all are served in the **Highland Brand**—that's the reason why you must insist on getting Highland from your dealer, and not one of the 78 imitations.

Send name and address for "Dainty Dishes" and Babies' Food pamphlet.

F. H. AMES & CO., Agents, 216 Front St., San Francisco.

The Inter-Ocean and Weekly Union.

THE WORLD'S FAIR!

The Chicago Inter-Ocean —AND— The Weekly Union!

BOTH ONLY $2 A YEAR.

There are thousands of people in California, and on the Pacific Coast, who will be unable to attend the WORLD'S FAIR at CHICAGO in 1893, being unable to devote the time and money incidental to making such a trip. The Fair will be the GRANDEST EXHIBITION THE CENTURY HAS PRODUCED. It will show the marvelous strides made in the arts and sciences throughout the United States and the world generally, of which the intelligent California public will want accurate descriptions. The California papers of necessity cannot treat of this grand affair as fully as the great papers of Chicago, and the publishers of the

Daily Record-Union and Weekly Union

Have made arrangements to place before their readers the means of gratifying their craving for all information concerning the great exhibition by furnishing the BEST WEEKLY OF CHICAGO, the

INTER-OCEAN

To all its subscribers, both new and renewals, for the additional sum of 50 cents per year. The INTER-OCEAN will treat of this monster exposition MORE FULLY and ACCURATELY THAN ANY OTHER PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE EAST. It is a splendid 12-page paper, as is the WEEKLY UNION, and both can be had for $2 per year. Either paper is well worth the money.

The descriptions will be so full that the readers of the INTER-OCEAN will have almost as good a knowledge of the WORLD'S FAIR as if they had made a personal visit. It is scarcely necessary to elaborate on the merits of the INTER-OCEAN as a newspaper. Its fame is wider than the continent, and the minutest matters connected with the GRANDEST EXHIBITION THAT THE PRESENT GENERATION WILL AGAIN WITNESS, will be treated in detail. It is less necessary for us to boast of the merits of the RECORD-UNION or WEEKLY UNION. They are household words on this coast. Clean, bright, newsy. Making a specialty of giving correct and reliable information on California affairs, fruit culture, agriculture, mining, etc., and for this reason are pre-eminently the papers to send to friends in the Eastern States.

Avail of this offer NOW, Because the work of preparation for the Fair has begun, and is a part of its history and full of present interest and information.

BOTH OF THESE MAGNIFICENT WEEKLIES

Can be had for $2 per year, and the DAILY RECORD-UNION and WEEKLY INTER-OCEAN for $6 50. It is an unprecedented offer. The INTER-OCEAN will be sent direct to subscribers from Chicago. Usual commission paid agents and Postmasters. Address

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING CO., SACRAMENTO, CAL.

MONEY TO LOAN on Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry. Auction every evening. Unredeemed pledges. UNCLE IKE'S COLLATERAL LOAN OFFICE, 302 K St., Sacramento, Cal.

PHŒNIX MARKET, Thirteenth and J streets.

Poultry, Game, Fish and Vegetables. ALSO, A FULL LINE OF Choice Family Groceries. FRANK H. JOST, Proprietor.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS —USE— Hammer's Glycerole of Tar. 401 K STREET. (NIGHT CLERK)